

STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

A True Story of a Very Dark Night in Eastern Virginia.

Though I served three years and four months in the northern army during the great war of '61 to '65, and though I participated in 17 heavy battles and many skirmishes and was very often on scouting or picket duty, I have never before written a story of any one of my adventures, thinking sometime to publish a book of biographical sketches and anecdotes of my war experience. But I will relate one of the most thrilling adventures of my life, reserving the right to use it in the book above mentioned, providing I ever get time to write the book, says Lyman E. Stowe, in the National Tribune.

My regiment, the Second Michigan, had done some mighty hard fighting under that old hero of Chapultepec, the gallant Kearny. But now we were transferred to the First division, Ninth corps.

The comrades of my regiment talked the matter over, and concluded that we were considered interlopers, as it were, and would probably be placed in every hole where it was considered necessary to sacrifice men. This idea seemed borne out by the fact that on the very first day after we joined the Ninth corps we were placed on the extreme right, and to lead the advance of the army in its march toward Richmond. There was nothing ahead of us but a company of cavalry, and that was considered worse than nothing, for at this time a dead cavalryman had never been seen by a member of my regiment, unless it was in the hospital, where he had died for the



We Soon Had Every One of the Thirty.

want of exercise. However, we would not have cared for this had we not been compelled to march long after dark, silently picking our way through fields and woodlands, cautioned every minute to look out and prevent the rattle of cups or click of accouterments.

At length we were halted in a field called White Plains, a place I have never to this day been able to locate, except that it is somewhere in east Virginia.

We filed into the field and stacked arms, a picket guard was detailed, and we were told to make ourselves comfortable.

We soon found the balance of the

brigade to which we were assigned had come up behind us and gone into camp so silently that we hardly knew they were there. Not a fire had been built, and hardly a man in their camp could be seen stirring. Not so with the Second Michigan. They were seeking wood and water and such things as would tend to make them comfortable. It must needs be extreme measures indeed that would keep a Second Michigan man from his cup of coffee before retiring for the night.

I left my bunk-mate to build a fire, put up our dog tent, and prepared such things as were necessary for our comfort, while I took my musket and our canteens and plunged off into the darkness in search of water. On, on, I went, stumbling through fields and climbing over fences, until I began to think I was a full mile from camp, and, quite likely, away outside of our picket lines.

I had apparently far outstripped all my comrades who were on the same errand, and who had probably become discouraged by their failure to find water and had turned back, for it was deathly still. I could not hear a sound anywhere, but I determined I would not give up until I found water. Ah, what is that dark line ahead? A few steps more and close scrutiny proves to me it is a piece of woods. There, surely, I must find water. In my mind I was already filling my canteen with fresh, cool water, and thinking of my bunk-mate's delight when I should return triumphant when so many had failed.

I picked my way along the fence very carefully until I found a passage-way through. As I passed through the sky beyond the dark line made it appear much lighter. But, ye gods! what had I done? As I stepped over the ridge of ground that is always found along these growing fences, stepped squarely on a man who, with four others, were lying flat upon their stomachs and looking out over the field. The man I trod on turned over, and it brought me to my knees, as he exclaimed, "Who the devil are you?" I answered, "A Yankee soldier, and the first man that moves does, for I am not alone, so surrender at once." "The devil; so are we," was his reply. He continued in a whisper, "We belong to the Second Michigan and we will have hot work in a minute, for they are just ahead of us over in the field. I am glad you have come with help." I then explained that I was alone, but that I would stand by them.

I asked why they did not send a man out to reconnoiter. The reply was, "We have, and as soon as he returns we will go back to camp."

While we were talking in whispers he came in, and said in a hoarse whisper, "Boys, there are about 30 of them out there, and if we are careful we can capture them all."

"What," said I, you certainly do not expect seven of us can capture 30, do you?"

"Of course, we can," said he, continuing. "My plan is to creep up on them, each one of us grab one without frightening the rest, bring him back, cut his throat, then go for another. In this way we can capture every one without firing a shot."

"But," I replied, "that is against the rules of war to cut a prisoner's throat."

The answer was, "Oh, stuff! There is no time for nonsense, and if we try any other way, some of them will get away."

We followed the directions of our guide, and, sure enough, we soon had every one of the 30 at the gap in the fence, with his throat cut from ear to ear.

"What," I think I hear the reader say, "you don't want us to believe seven men captured 30 Confederates without firing a shot, do you?"

Who in thunder is talking about Confederates. But I forgot; it is perfectly natural that the reader should fall into the same error that I did. The 30 were good, fat sheep, and the Second Michigan had excellent fresh mutton for breakfast, while the rest of the Ninth corps had to put up with hardtack and sawblossom.

of the curious and knowledge seeking that I doubt to-day, if his life depended upon it, he could tell whether he was ever at or near the Custer fight.

Western Follies in the East.

In the east one may be a bachelor and in virtue thereof enjoy the hospitality of a bachelor's married friends indefinitely, but the moment after the bachelor commits the indiscretion of marriage the Nemesis of tennis and bridge parties overtakes him with the same ruthlessness with which he preyed for entertainment on those who had married before him. The moral of the east for young men with economical views is—don't marry.

Orange Juice in Salad.

A delicacy which few northern persons are acquainted with is the juice of the native Florida orange, used as the acid in salad dressing. It is an improvement on lemon juice for the purpose, and quite different from cider vinegar.

FADED TO A SHADOW.

Worn Down by Five Years of Suffering from Kidney Complaint.

Mrs. Remethe Myers, of 180 South Tenth St., Ironton, O., says: "I have



worked hard in my time and have been exposed again and again to changes of weather. It is no wonder my kidneys gave out and I went all to pieces at last.

For five years I was fading away and finally so weak that for six months I could not get out of the house. I was nervous, restless and sleepless at night, and lame and sore in the morning. Sometimes everything would whirl and blur before me. I bloated so badly I could not wear tight clothing, and had to put on shoes two sizes larger than usual. The urine was disordered and passages were dreadfully frequent. I got help from the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and by the time I had taken four boxes the pain and bloating was gone. I have been in good health ever since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Difference in Bills.

Borroughs—Say, old man, got a ten-dollar bill about you?

Brokeleigh—No, but I've got a nine-dollar bill.

Borroughs—Come off! There isn't such a thing.

Brokeleigh—I wish there wasn't, but my tailor has me down on it: "Dr. to one pr. trousers."

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Didn't Have Auk Eggs.

Prof. Edwin Ray Lancaster, president of the British association, was busy in his study one morning recently when a country woman sought an interview with him. Laying a parcel on his desk she said, triumphantly: "There's two of 'em." "Two of what?" said the professor. "Two 'auk's eggs. I 'ear they are worth £1,000 pounds apiece." The distinguished scientist undid the parcel carefully, looked at the eggs and said with a smile. "These are not auk's eggs. Those that are so valuable are the eggs of the auk—a-u-k." "Ch, haik," said the woman. "Walt till I get 'old of my son, 'Enery. I'll give 'im wot-oh for sending me on a wild goose chase."

Natural Color of Pure Water.

It was long ago discovered that the natural color of pure water is blue, and not white, as most of us usually supposed. Opinions have not agreed on the cause of the green and yellow tints; these, it has been discovered by W. Spring, are due to extraneous substances. Dissolved calcium salts, though apparently giving a green tint, due to a fine invisible suspension, have no effect on the color of the water when adequate precautions are taken. The brown or yellow color due to iron salts is not seen when calcium is present. The green tint is often due to a condition of equilibrium between the color effect of the iron salts and the precipitating action of the calcium salts.—Scientific American.

WELL PEOPLE TOO

Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents.

A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor, "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee. I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale."

"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes."

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any one remedy in the Materia Medica—in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results."

"When I once introduce it into a family, it is quite sure to remain. I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice."

"In convalescence from pneumonia, typhoid fever and other cases, I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as a reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in page. "There's a reason."

Champion Whittler.

B. F. Clay, of Philadelphia, a retired ship carpenter nearly 80 years of age, is said to be the champion whittler of the world. Aided only by a penknife and a piece of sandpaper, he has cut down a single block of wood to a quadruple-linked watch chain over three feet long and many other exceedingly delicate and difficult pieces of work. During the last few years, since retirement, Mr. Clay has cut scores of watch chains. —Technical World Magazine.

In a Finch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. 30,000 testimonials of cures. Sold by all druggists, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Scarecrow Best Boxer.

Fred Stone, the Scarecrow of "The Wizard of Oz," as a boy used to walk the tight rope in a circus. Mr. Stone is regarded by such authorities as James J. Corbett, George Fuller Golden and Billy Elmer as the best boxer in the profession.

Give Defiance Starch a fair trial—try it for both hot and cold starching, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

Saved Many from Drowning.

Five hundred persons saved from drowning in 48 years was the record achievement of Christian Langer, a Danish boatman, who has just died at Harboe, Jutland, aged 82.

Quite Up to Date.

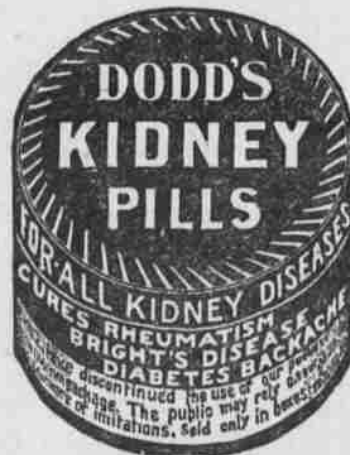
He popped to her upon his knees—His heart went pit-a-pat—Old-fashioned? Oh! no, if you please, 'Twas there the maiden sat.

Five Million Miners.

The number of persons employed in the mines of the world is about 5,000,000, of whom one-fifth are in Great Britain.

Sublime Faith.

Nothing short of true faith will separate a bald-headed man from the hard-earned price of a bottle of hair restorer.



WOMEN'S NEGLECT SUFFERING THE SURE PENALTY

Health Thus Lost Is Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? We hear every day the same story over and over again. "I do not feel well; I am so tired all the time!"



More than likely you speak the same words yourself, and no doubt you feel far from well. The cause may be easily traced to some derangement of the female organs which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, bearing-down pains, flatulency, nervousness, sleeplessness, or other female weakness.

These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless heeded a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result.

The never failing remedy for all these symptoms is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Kate McDonald of Woodbridge, N. J., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham: Restored health has meant so much to me that I cannot help from telling about it for the sake of other suffering women.

"For a long time I suffered untold agony with a female trouble and irregularities, which made me a physical wreck, and no one thought I would recover, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me, and made me well and strong, and I feel it my duty to tell other suffering women what a splendid medicine it is."

For twenty-five years Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, has under her direction, and since her decease, been advising sick women free of charge. Her advice is free and always helpful. Address, Lynn, Mass.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

SALESMEN WANTED.

We want a live, active and thoroughly experienced salesman in this locality with sufficient money to buy outright his first month's supply of our simplicity Low Pressure Hollow Wire Gasoline Lights. A utility needed in every store and home and fully complying with insurance rules. To such a man we will give exclusive sales right and guarantee to refund money if goods not sold in 90 days. Further particulars on request. The Standard-Gillett Light Co., 930 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

WINCHESTER REPEATING SHOTGUNS

are strong shooters, strongly made and so inexpensive that you won't be afraid to use one in any kind of weather. They are made 10, 12 and 16 gauge.

A FAVORITE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN

Sold Everywhere.

FIRST CONSIDERATION

The first consideration in the matter of food is nutrition, the next facility of digestion and assimilation. The grains like wheat should be preferred, which are well supplied with the constituents of brain and nerve, cooked in a palatable manner.

DR. PRICE'S WHEAT FLAKE CELERY FOOD

is prepared from the whole wheat berry, celery infused and baked twice at a high temperature, so as to render it the best of foods for growing children, invalids, the aged, the brain and muscle working classes.

Palatable—Nutritious—Easy of Digestion and Ready to Eat Can be served hot. Put in a hot oven for a few minutes; or cook in boiling milk to a mush.

10c a package. For Sale by My Signature on every package Dr. V. C. Price

As much nourishment as 3 loaves of bread Grocers Dr. Price, the famous food expert, the creator of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, Delicious Flavoring Extracts, Ice Cream Sugar and Jelly Desserts, has never been compelled, notwithstanding strenuous Food laws, to change any of his products. They have always conformed to their requirements. This is an absolute guarantee of their quality and purity.

NOT SURE OF IT HIMSELF.

Indian Curley, Who Claimed to Be Only Survivor of Custer Massacre.

The Custer battlefield is close to the Crow agency. In a desire to know all that I could, at close range of the tragedy of the Little Big Horn, I spent many days in going over the battlefield foot by foot, from where the troops left the Rosebud to the ridge where the men had made their last stubborn fight, says a writer in Scribner's. White marble slabs mark the spots where they fell. In most cases the slabs are in twos, side by side. Strange how it is when it comes to the final end, we reach out for human companionship. There they made their last earthly stand, bunkie by bunkie.

Among the dozens of Indians I questioned of the fight was Curley, who is so often called the sole survivor of the Custer fight. He has been so bullied, badgered, questioned, cross-questioned, leading-questioned, and called by mouth and in type, a coward and a liar by an endless horde